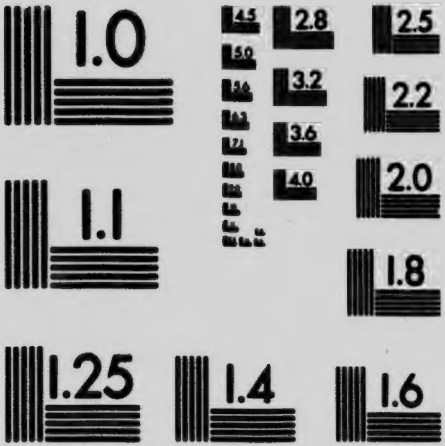

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

by AMY CAMPBELL

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THE OLD WAY

The whispering wind is swaying
  The oak leaves on the hill,
The deep gold of sunset
  Sheens the sky at will.
The old way of a lover
  Crowds my heart with you;
And the gold of an olden rapture
  Sheens a life anew!

DREAMS

I cannot watch the rose of setting sun
Pale to faint amethyst, or morning star
Wander in violet seas, e'er day's begun;
Nor purple hills stand out in mists afar;
For all too soon I'm lost in olden dreams
Of lilac-scented dimness, this and this—
Sweet swaying flower, 'round your hair agleam—
Your upturned closing eyes, and then—your kiss!

THE RETURN

Again the phlox is gleaming,
  All white beside your door,
Sun-steeped, wind-swayed, the woodlands
  Are crimson-tipped once more.
Again with old heart hauntings,
  My eyes look to the hills—
I hear an old sweet welcome
  The Autumn never stills.

THE WHITE ROAD

There's a white road, between the pine trees—
A white road I used to know.
'Twas a dream road, between the pine trees,
To a wee lad of long ago!
There were whisp'rings among the pine trees,
And music, so sweet and low—
And the wee lad loved the lone road,
The white road, so long ago!
When I'm tired I fall a-dreaming
Of soft, lazy flakes of snow
Falling gently among the pine trees
On the white road of long ago!

UNDER THE STARS

Under the stars with you, oh girl,
  Here where the brown leaves drift;
The night is alive with a million thoughts,
  And my heart, with a world-old gift!
Here where the moonlight sheens your hair,
  And lights the gold in your eyes,
I hold your life in a trust full true,
  And ah, 'tis a heaven-won prize.

THE CALL

Gipsy-heart, the way is white—
  Fluttering white, upon the trees,
And your eyes are all alight
  With old wayward memories.
Come, we'll go where great boughs bend,
  Was there ever sky so blue?
Where black pines and brooklets blend
  Songs they ever made for you.
Gipsy-heart, we know the way,
  Where white silence fills the soul—
Give ourselves one perfect day
  Where God's mysteries unroll.

INVITATION

O'er the hills of waiting
  In a purple land,
Souls are ever mating,
  Hand in hand!
Dear, the way is love!
  But the path is true—
Seekers go there, only
  Two by two!

TIRED

Say, were you ever heart-tired?
  Ah! Then you know.
Here, in the half-light, let's rest us—
  Hand in hand—so.
You love the silence of twilight?
  I am so glad!
We two have lived in the clamor—
  We two have had!
Rich? Yes, I know that we are, now,
  At such a cost!
Let's dream our way softly over
  Years we have lost.
Ah, we've been far in old dreamings;
  Night has come on—
But in your eyes is the softness
  Of Spring's young dawn!

THE OLD PATH

There's an old path through the woodlands—
An old path, I used to know—
Where the leaves fall all gold and crimson,
As in Autumns of long ago!
There was nutting along the old path,
And winter berries all aglow;
And the magic of the old way
Charmed a wee lad of long ago!
When frost tints sweep o'er the woodlands,
And the hearts beat with measure slow,
I remember an old path,
All gold and crimson—I used to know.

HAPPINESS

Because I know what you hold pure,
  Because I know the prayer you make,
I needs must hold my life full sure
  'Twere well worth while for your dear
    sake!
And lo! in striving for the best,
  I love it, too, and grow so strong,
To meet the battle, face the test,
  I greet my days with smile and song!

STRENGTH

A snatch of song from your open door,
  On the morning air, as I go my way,
And my heart forgets its troubles sore,
  And I hum your song the live-long day!
My tired feet on the homeward way,
  Grow light and swift as I see you there,
Beneath the porch where the wild vines stray,
  With the rose of sunset on your hair!

MELODY

I am so glad for all the lovely things
That find their way to me in busy hours—
For sunset glories and for birds that sing,
For revelations from the sun-kissed flowers;
For written thoughts that linger in my heart,
For tender words said unexpectedly:
These make me glad and strong to do my part,
And fill my days with haunting melody.

MUSIC

The little things you do for me,
  And would not have me know,
These keep such music in my heart,
  And make me love you so!
And you, who scorn my eager thanks,
  Go singing on your way,
Just joyful for two hearts a-tune
  Throughout the busy day!

THE LOVED ONE

A sweet forgetting way she went,
  And all the gold of sunsets rare,
And mystic shadows from the hills,
  In following loneness, sought her hair!
And all the blues of hyacinths,
  Dew-drenched and kissed by morning sun,
In wistful dreams of searching love,
  Went seeking where her eyes had gone!
And all the whisperings of the wind,
  Were hushed in hunger for her call,
All golden sweetness, woodland-tuned,
  To understand and know them all!
And all my soul was dark and still,
  And memory-swept at Heaven's gate,
To know 'til she remembered me,
  I needs must tearless, prayerful, wait!

THE WEB

A web you wove of little tender ways,
All thoughtfulness and silent sympathy,
Bright colored with sweet-spoken words of praise,
Strengthened with handclasps and fidelity.
And lo, I found at every untried gate,
A sweet security surrounding me,
A warmth for coldness and a shield from haste,—
A calm indifference for fate's trickery.
How fine and fair a thing—the web you wove!
How lightsome, yet enduring to the end;
Forever in my heart, to truly prove
How very rich the life that knows a friend!

REVELATION

Oh, mad and merry the lilting song
  Packed so full of the sweet spring time
That flowed from the throat of olden days—
  Quaintest notes and daintiest rhyme!
Fragrant and frail the gown you wore—
  Careless your shadow-keeping hair;
Deep your eyes in their drinking love
  Of the drifting blossoms everywhere!
The song stole into the quiet hour,
  That our hearts might keep the dear
    refrain—
For lo! it was given us then to know
  All other springs had been in vain!

MY DAY

Oh, the day was strangely dark,
  Dark and drear,
For a care was on your brow,
  And a fear;
And my heart to minor music wept so low,
While my footsteps at my tasks were very
    slow.
Oh, the day was all agleam,
For your eyes
Shone untroubled and as calm as summer
    skies—
And my heart was all alilt with gay old
    song,
And my feet were swift and eager all day
    long.

THE DIFFERENCE

I cannot be the same again,
  Since I have known you—
There must be something in my life
  More tender, pure and true!
Some lovely thing about your life,
  By nature kindly given,
Must surely find its way to mine,
  So has my friendship striven.
So I go richer on my way,
  And yet no poorer you!
How tender guiding was the Hand
  That let us meet, we two!

THE HARBOR

There's a quiet harbor-bar where ships
come in,
And a sunset's afterglow upon the sea;
And a girl in wind-blown gown is waiting
there,
In her deep grey eyes a sweet intensity.
All the rose of sun-kissed clouds is on her
hair—
And her strong white hands are folded
patiently—
Oh, she knows not that the picture is so
fair,
Nor the wealth that's mine because she
waits for me!